

THE CITIZEN

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Generosity and Justice

Since the last issue of The Citizen the Bonus measure has been laid aside, much to the credit of both the legislature and executive branches of our government.

The question of whether or not a bonus should be granted at this time is not a matter of simply rendering to every man his just dues. Certainly the man who left his home and family to risk his life and suffer the privations of war for a pittance deserves some form of additional compensation at the hands of the government which is not due the man who remained at home to reap enormous profits from a business made lucrative by the urgent necessity of extravagance.

When the soldier came home "foot sore" and empty handed to find his business gone and his neighbors rich, when he learned of the reckless handling of his government's money while he alone, it seemed, had borne the brunt of war, naturally he began to talk about matters of simple justice, and as he shambled up and down the country looking for work and finding none, we cannot blame him for being a little unreasonable in his accusations against his more fortunate countrymen. The arguments in favor of governmental aid for our ex-service men are well founded. But the question that faced President Harding was whether or not the country in its present state of decreasing revenues and industrial depression could survive such a measure. If the opinions of those who have made a thorough study of present conditions are to be believed, this is no time for a soldier bonus.

What the country needs now above all things else is contentment, and the surest way to this end is by furnishing employment and relieving taxation. A two billion dollar bonus for ex-service men at this time will not move us in that direction. Indeed, such a measure would throw us into panic, if not bankruptcy, and would result in unremedial injury to the very men for whom help was intended. This ought to be clear to every patriotic citizen, and we believe that the men who went forth uncomplainingly to save the nation will at this time settle down to ironing out the disorders of the country, unaccusingly.

The soldiers of the World War will not be forgotten. We believe that the obligation to them is fully recognized by those in power. If it proves that such obligation is not thus recognized, the American people have a slow but sure way of shifting the actors, and it will be done, if necessary, in order that the American public may do justice to the soldiers of the World War.

The manifest duty of the government now is to lighten the burdens of taxation and restore order, and any move in that direction deserves the support of every American citizen.

SEVENTY SECONDS OF SUNSHINE

By Patton Paris

It's Dead Certain—
—That continual sunshine is good for neither fields nor folks. If we're going to see any growth, once in a while let's let it rain!

A Matter of Daring

He was a high school boy, reading an essay, the subject of which was of his own choosing. He wrote on "The Universe." "When man steps on this terrestrial sphere," he began, "three questions confront him: Who am I? What am I? And, what is my relation to the cosmos?" His hearers laughed, doubtless you and I would have laughed; the subject was beyond him. But give the boy due credit; admire his daring. Will he not get much more satisfaction from life, after all, than we who are more fearful to attack the fundamental problems of the world? Where did the world come from? By what power is it controlled? What really is our relation to it all? What is our end to be? Such problems as these shall we leave to the scientist and to "the man of God"? Or shall we, too, venture, once in a while, to think?

The Survivor

Oh, who will people the world at last, When the dangerous ways of today are past, And the issue's settled between the man Who runs all the risks he conveniently can And the man who always "plays safe"? Well, this may give us a hint to aid—When into his lonely last bed has been laid The last sole survivor of risks he has taken, There still will be left, unless I'm mistaken, One man who always played safe. Just for the Week Some actions based on impulse alone are like a cake baked in too hot an oven. The cake comes out

internally underdone and externally burned—unpleasant to the sight and bitter to the taste. Less fire and more deliberation bring a better result.

SPRING

Marooned upon a little isle of time, Swept round by waters lethal, he and I. There's violets and pansies rich in bloom, While orgies pink of peach trees round us swim, The empty dazed world tumult shutting out. One strong and ruddy, stout and leisurely, With his august ego this islet fills, The warm song splendor of the mating birds Shoots thru with shafts of shimmering light the air, Triumphant chorus of the mother spring Which in her bosom folds the beautiful year. The while we hear, in quiet listening, Heart music—symphony of souls against The diapason of the warm spring rain. Adorned with tender green the distant hills Rise from the dim woods fringed with plum trees white,— Spring teaching all the fertile land to smile.

Roses at Christmas.

The fact that we can get flowers out of doors at Christmas time is in itself a sufficient justification for growing the Christmas rose, but besides that it is worth growing for itself, says Country Life in America. Its large white flowers, fully two inches across, resembling those of a giant single rose, although as a matter of fact it belongs to the same family as the buttercup, never fail to excite enthusiasm in the season of snow and ice. The plant itself grows only six to eight inches high, and the large, greenish-white flowers are borne in clusters and nestle closely among the dark green leaves.

Boy Scouts at Lincoln Statue



Boy scouts of Chicago, celebrated Lincoln's birthday with exercises at the famous statue of the Emancipator in Lincoln park. Their leaders are shown placing wreaths at the foot of the statue.

JOHN B. GABBARD

John B. Gabbard, the son of W. R. and Samira Blanton Gabbard, was born in Jackson county, September 5, 1895. He was killed at St. Mihiel, France, September 12th, 1918. He leaves a father and two sisters, Mrs. C. E. Montgomery of Palm Dale, California, and Mrs. Roy Harrison of Berea. His mother died when he was seven years old.

Johnnie went thru the war as a private at his own request. Promotion was offered him, but he begged to be allowed to remain a private. In speaking of the possibility of his not coming back, he said: "Aunt Grace, I could not die for a nobler cause." His lieutenant said, "For obedience, courage, and ability and the things that called for the best Johnnie was one of those."

He was a runner that carried messages to and from the front, and only the best were detailed for this duty. He was killed by machine guns while going over the top with his comrades.

His body was brought from France, July 16, 1921. Funeral services were held in the Berea Baptist church, July 17, 1921, Rev. Cunningham and Rev. Vogel officiating.

The returned soldier boys in Berea gave him a military burial, and he was laid to rest in the Berea cemetery beside his mother.

Following is a statement issued by General John J. Pershing, Commander-in-Chief of American Expeditionary Forces in France; also a letter to his uncle from his commanding officer:

IN MEMORY OF

Private, 1st class, John B. Gabbard, Company E, 6th Infantry, who was killed in battle, September 12, 1918. He bravely laid down his life for the cause of his country. His name will ever remain fresh in the hearts of his friends and comrades. The record of his honorable service will be preserved in the archives of the American Expeditionary Forces.

JOHN J. PERSHING,
Commander-in-Chief
Trier, Germany.

December 16, 1918.

Co. "E", 6th Inf.

Mr. B. H. Gabbard,
Dear Sir:

Your letter received today in regards to information of Private John B. Gabbard of this company.

I regret deeply to have to be the bearer of sad news, but the above named man was killed by machine gun bullets while gallantly doing his duty. It was the morning of September 12 this company went "over the top" at 5:00 a. m. at St. Mihiel. Your nephew was one of the best and most liked soldiers of this company. He was well thought of by both officers and men.

His duties as a "Runner" made it necessary that he be one of the best, as the work requires a man with a cool head and plenty of nerve, of which he had plenty. He was killed carrying a message from the front line to Battalion Headquarters.

Any further information I may be able to give in regards to your

"TWELFTH NIGHT"

The recital of "Twelfth Night," Monday evening, July 11th, in the College Chapel by H. L. Southwick gave evidence of two things. First, it brought out the fact that Berea people have an appreciation for the best in literature. To enjoy the Shakespearean plays one must possess a degree of culture, or have a desire to obtain it. The size of the audience and the wrapt attention on Monday night spoke well for the college and the community.

This in turn evidenced that the artist was a master in his presentation of the play. His task was no easy one. Besides his delightful introduction in which he stated the argument of the play and briefly sketched the character of the main players, the speaker recited in dramatic fashion the larger part of the play. Most men have trouble enough to recite brief quotations from a Shakespearean play, but the reader of "Twelfth Night" recited entire scenes from each of the five acts of the play.

The reader on Monday night did more than merely recite the play. He dramatized the various characters. Olivia, the heroine, comparable to Rosalind and Portia, appeared to rise in our fancy, and her caprice made her a source of amusement and interest, without a thought of reproach. In most dramatic form the reader presented Sir Toby and Aguecheek with scarcely less emphasis on Feste, the "most asinine" of all the fools of Shakespeare, but who could say to Marian, "Better a witty fool than a foolish wit," and to Duke Orsino, "Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another."

The Ben Greet Company, and other players of comedies, require as many actors as there are characters in the play, but Mr. Southwick presented them all in mannerism, voice, and act. It is easier to follow the costumed actors on the stage than to follow a reader where much is left to the imagination and interpretation of the hearer. And yet the audience followed Mr. Southwick with as wrapt attention as did the audience the Ben Greet Company, who presented "As You Like It" in Richmond a few evenings before.

There is something delightfully wholesome about the comedies of Shakespeare when one compares them with much of the lighter trashy stuff of our day on the stage and the reel and in literature. Much that is objectionable on the stage and the reel and in literature is happily absent in the Shakespearean plays. Many of those present would like to see Shakespearean readers and players, the Ben Greet Company, if possible, appear repeatedly in Berea. This is a wholesome desire, and the management of the platform will do well to take cognizance of it.

nephew will be gladly given at your request.

Respectfully,

E. J. Donovan,
1st Lieut. Co. "E,"
6th U. S. Inf.

SUSIE IN THE CITY

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS.

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Susie stood gazing at her vines that already had trailed their green way to the tops of her window frames. A slight pucker formed between her brows as she tried to solve the problem of their further ascent. She did not know who lived in the studio above. Had she known who was up there she could easily have gone up with her string and tied it to the rusty nails which she had seen from her own window. But Susie feared for her quiet, restful evening, should she become acquainted with near neighbors.

However, she did want her string wound over those rusty nails in the window ledge above and, as her vines began to plead desperately for support, Susie determined to find a way of giving it to them.

She decided to tie a string to the pole, and hoist it to the window above. She realized that her act was a trifle unconventional, but her vines were perfectly conventional vines and needed support just as any vines need it.

So she scribbled a few lines on a bit of paper and tied the note to the end of her flagpole. When she heard footsteps near the window above she put her pole outside and hoisted it, after having tied a ball of twine to the note.

Susie called up a soft "Thank you, very much," when she knew the string had been tied and the ball came tumbling down to her. She knew no more about the person above her than she did before.

It was a man, however. Capt. McGill of the Gordon Highlanders, returned to his adopted home in America, and he was much amused at the request to tie the string for the tiny burden to climb on.

Vacation time arrived for Susie. She worried about the care of her little garden and realized that she would have to be at the mercy of God's good rain just like all farmers if her garden was to remain green.

Capt. McGill, the man in the studio above, happened by lucky chance to see Susie descend the steps with her suitcase and in a flash realized that he wanted very, very much to know her.

He didn't know for a second whether or not to make a most perfect idiot of himself and rush out, follow her, purchase a ticket to the same place to which she went and track her to the very hotel in which she expected to spend her vacation. But McGill decided to keep his head on his shoulders and just trust to fate. Consequently he remained at the window while Susie disappeared toward the stage that carried her to the railway station.

He felt decidedly lonesome when Susie had gone from the studio building, even though he had never spoken with her. He looked down each day at her small garden and it was only a few days after her departure before he realized that if the products were to be saved for her return he must find some way of watering them.

So after deliberate thought the hero from the battlefield contrived an extended watering can by means of his bath spray and a long-nozzled can. The rubber was sufficiently long to all but reach the garden roots. Each night after dark McGill watered that small garden as if it were the fodder for an entire army of cattle or men. He waited for dark lest any passer-by see him and laugh at his folly.

When Susie returned, browned and feeling greatly benefited for her holidays, her first glance upon rounding the corner of her street was for her garden's fate. She knew from reports that scarcely a drop of rain had fallen in the neighborhood. When she saw her precious beans, peas and flowers green and blooming she was curiously puzzled, but delighted in no small degree.

It so happened that McGill again stood at the window when Susie came homeward and his Scotch heart rejoiced. He knew that by fair means or foul he was going to become more than merely acquainted with that small neighbor of his.

It was toward evening when he heard a soft knock at his door. He opened it and there stood Susie, herself with a dainty and very tiny basket of fresh pulled peas and beans and a few colorful flowers on the top.

She blushed beautifully when she saw that her upstairs neighbor was a man and she felt a quick pity when she saw that he had lost one leg.

"Oh," she said swiftly, "I brought you up these vegetables from my tiny garden, but being a man I suppose you can't cook them. I somehow fancied a woman lived up here," she added.

"How did you know I cared for your garden?" McGill asked, by way of detaining her a moment longer.

"I saw the long rubber tube and watering can out of your window," she promptly replied; then, throwing convention to the proper place for silly convention, she said, "I will cook the vegetables for you and you may come down and have dinner with me tonight—if you like. I see you are a wounded soldier and all women should do all they can for the men who have fought for them."

McGill laughed quickly and most happily. All was going well with his heart, beats and he knew that all would continue well.

"I am glad to have fought for women—such as you," was what he said, both then and later when he had won her for his own.

ODD FACTS

The size of gloves indicates the number of inches around the knuckles when the hand is closed.

The very best preventive of seasickness, says a distinguished French physician, is to inhale pure oxygen gas.

Braille characters are, of course, read with the fingers, but one armless blind man has been taught to read with his tongue.

Boot heels are of Persian origin, and were originally attached to sandals in order that the wearers might keep their feet above the burning sands.

By a clause in a special treaty concluded soon after the first Punjab war the maharajah of Kashmir has the right—which he exercises—of prohibiting the importation into his territories of pork pies.

The playing cards of the Fourteenth century differed materially from the pack in use today. The Venetian pack, for example, consisted of 78 cards—22 of them marked with emblems of various kinds and 56 with numerals, divided into four suits of 14 cards each.

Any married woman can tell you that having a sweet disposition doesn't help you any when you are trying to handle a mule.—Chicago Evening Post.

Lieut. Coney, Cross-Country Flier



This is Lieut. W. D. Coney standing beside the army air service plane in which he started from San Diego, Cal., in the attempt to fly to Pablo Beach, Fla., with only one stop. Engine trouble forced him to land at Bronte, Tex.

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